

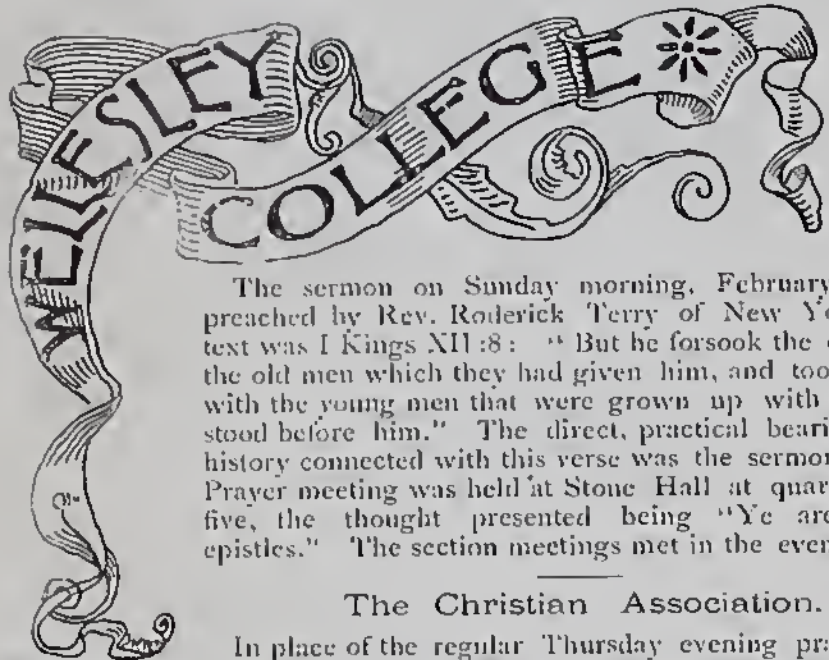
The Courant

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 22.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The sermon on Sunday morning, February 10, was preached by Rev. Roderick Terry of New York. The text was I Kings XII:8: "But he forsook the counsel of the old men which they had given him, and took counsel with the young men that were grown up with him that stood before him." The direct, practical bearing of the history connected with this verse was the sermon's theme. Prayer meeting was held at Stone Hall at quarter before five, the thought presented being "Ye are Christ's epistles." The section meetings met in the evening.

The Christian Association.

In place of the regular Thursday evening prayer-meeting of Feb. 7, Mr. Guinness of London spoke to the college on the spiritual needs and claims of Africa.

Mr. Guinness is a man of wide experience as an evangelist, having preached for more than twenty years in the large cities all over the world. About eight years ago Mr. Guinness became impressed with the need of some organization for sending out evangelists, and started a College for such a purpose in London. This College now has three large buildings to accommodate its members, and has sent out already more than five hundred missionaries, among whom one hundred have gone to Africa.

Mr. Guinness' visit to this country is made with a view to transferring part of the work which he has undertaken and which is undenominational to American missionary societies. His work is very well known in America through his long association with Mr. Moody. Several missions have been founded on the west coast, in the Congo region, and on the great lakes of South Africa, but the vast population is as yet scarcely reached by their presence, and they touch only the edge of the great darkness. From the Kong mountains to the highlands of Abyssinia—a region in which one hundred languages are spoken—no light has penetrated.

Mr. Guinness emphasized the vastness of the African field and the great need of missionaries, especially in the Soudan where there is not a single missionary among the twelve nations there. Every province in China, every chief region in India, even the Congo region in Africa, has each its missionaries, the speaker said; the Soudan has none.

Dickens Club.

Last Saturday evening the Dickens Club entertained its members and invited guests, in the Norumbega Hall, with one of the best scenes from Old Curiosity Shop. From the Faculty in the "orchestra chairs" to the Freshmen in the "peanut gallery" all sympathized with dear little Nell and her Grandfather; all shuddered whenever Quilp, even more dreadful than the original, appeared; and all heartily laughed over "poor Kit" and his family. We were fascinated by the charm of handsome, happy-go-lucky Dick Swiveller as he formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Marchioness against that "female dragon" Sally Brass. And when the mingled tragedy and comedy was over, we went away the better and happier for Dickens' exquisite pathos and wholesome humor.

The Students' Concert.

On Monday evening the students of the Music School gave their winter concert. It is greatly to be regretted that so few members of the College availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing some unusually good performances. Rarely have we observed so early in the year the degree of finish and perfection in execution as was shown by some of the players. It is especially noticeable that piano-forte music obtains a considerable advantage in that many pupils enter the music school already quite proficient in elementary technique.

The violinists, though evidently much less far advanced than most of the pianists showed no less the results of precision and care on the part of the teacher, and gave great pleasure, as was evinced by the enthusiasm of the audience.

Several very promising voices were discovered among the students who have been in College but one year, and among the older pupils marked improvement in tone, quality and style was noted. The desire was generally expressed by the listeners that we might have more frequent recitals of this sort, by which pupils might acquire greater confidence and the audience gain instruction by the hearing of good music.

Prof. Hill and his assistants received the sincere thanks of all who heard the program for a very pleasant and profitable evening. The program was as follows:

Schubert.....	Sonata in D major, Op. 53; First movement	MISS EDITH JAMES.
Bach.....	Prelude in A minor (Suites Anglaises)	MISS ANNIE M. THORPE.
Hofmann.....	Song, "Tristan and Isolde."	MISS MARY W. LYON.
Haydn.....	Sonata in E flat; First movement	MISS MARION MITCHELL.
Chopin.....	Bolero, Op. 19	MISS GERTRUDE FAIRBANKS.
Wohlfahrt.....	Violin Duo, Op. 55	
	a. Andante sostenuto.	
	b. Allegro moderato.	
		MISS HOLMES AND STEWART.
Pixis.....	Vocal. Air with Variations (Swiss Boy)	
Rubinstein.....	Kammerlied, Op. 10, No. 22	MISS GRACE RICEY.
Scharwenka.....	Marcia, from Op. 20	MISS NELLIE L. WHIPPLE.
Pease.....	Song, "O Hush Thee, My Baby."	MISS CARRIE G. FROST.
Mendelssohn.....	Caprice in A minor, Op. 31, No. 1	MISS WILHELMINE SKIDMORE.
Meyerbeer.....	Recit. and Aria, from the "Huguenots" (L'acte Signore)	MISS JESSIE CABLE.
Scharwenka.....	Bilder aus Ungarn, Op. 26, No. 2, 11 flat minor	MISS GRACE ANDREWS.
Mendelssohn.....	Fantasia, Op. 28; Two movements	MISS MARY L. WHEELER.
Handel.....	"He Shall Feed His Flock."	MISS DURLINGER.
Chopin.....	Improvisi in F sharp major, Op. 36	MISS JULIA HILLS.

Vienna to Constantinople.

A descriptive lecture, with vocal and instrumental illustrations, will be given by Rev. W. W. Sleeper, assisted by Miss May E. Sleeper, alto and Mrs. W. W. Sleeper, piano, for the Norumbega Fund, in the College Chapel, Friday evening, Feb. 22, at 7.30.

This lecture describes what a traveler sees and experiences in going from Vienna to Constantinople, by way of the Danube, through Hungary

and past Serbia; across Bulgaria and Macedonia, by carriage and rail; approaching the Turkish capital by boat from the Aegean Sea.

The musical illustrations are abundant, between 20 and 30 different melodies being introduced, and comprise German, Serbian and Bulgarian ballads, Hungarian, Russian and Turkish national and characteristic music. The Oriental music contained in the program is entirely new to America, being collected by the lecturer during his five years' residence in Bulgaria.

Mr. Sleeper is an attractive speaker, his style being free, vivid and picturesque. Miss Sleeper, who needs no introduction to a Wellesley audience, will sing the ballads as the natives sing them; and from the piano we shall have the dance music and national airs of the people.

Admission 25 cents. A few reserved seats at 50 cents. Tickets on sale in second floor centre 1 to 1.30 Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19, 20 and 21, and at the door on the evening of the lecture.

Missionary Notes.

Trouble has broken out afresh in Uganda, Africa. King Kiwiwa, who was lately raised to the throne, has been deposed, and his younger brother put in his place, the former having killed two of the principal Arab instigators of the expulsion of the English missionaries.

Burenak is again suffering for want of rice, and in some cases the people are actually near starvation from the difficulty of transporting food to them.

The Girls' Seminary at Aintab, Turkey, one of the first opened in that region, was recently burned.

Riverside School.

This Wellesley Preparatory School at Auburndale is situated within a few minutes' walk from Riverside Station, so well known to Wellesley girls who enjoy boating on the "winding Charles." Standing on high land, fifty feet above the river, it commands a fine view of Wellesley Hills. Longing eyes look out in this direction, speaking the thought of many a girl's heart towards "the College Beautiful," which nine of our number hope to enter next September.

A deep interest in the College is fostered by three of its representatives, Misses Effie F. Dwyer, Virginia T. Smith, Harriet S. Gleason, who have now been nearly three years connected with the school as teachers.

We were all cheered and encouraged two weeks ago by a visit from two of the Wellesley Faculty, Miss Lucia Clarke and Miss Metcalf. Miss Clarke promised "to come again soon," a promise that we regret to know cannot be fulfilled, owing to the sad accident that has befallen her. Though the usual winter recreations, coasting and skating, have not yet been enjoyed, the girls have had pleasant walks to Newton, Watertown, and Weston, and to Echo Bridge. They are contemplating a tramp to Wellesley, and may attempt one to Boston.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was an occasion of special interest with us. The usual morning service was somewhat prolonged, more time being given to prayer and praise. Miss Smith told her pupils of the origin of the day, of its observance not only in our own land, but in lands beyond the sea, and of its preciousness to parents and teachers who are interested in the spiritual welfare of those dear to them. At four o'clock in the afternoon, Rev. Dr. E. E. Strong of Auburndale conducted the service, giving an informal address which was most earnest and impressive. In the evening a large number of the pupils attended service at the Congregational church, where were given reports from various schools and colleges as to the religious life in them. Wellesley College was not forgotten, and earnest prayer was offered in her behalf.

Prize Essay on Child Labor.

Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler has given one hundred dollars to be awarded by the American Economic Association as a prize for the best essay on the subject of Child Labor. The money donated to the establishment of this prize was received by Mrs. Chanler for some exquisite sonnets on this subject, which will soon appear in *Harper's Monthly*.

Any person is eligible to competition. While the experience of foreign countries will not be excluded, it is expected that competitors will deal principally with American conditions. It is desired to know the growth of child labor, its present proportions, the evils connected with it, and remedies for these evils.

The article must not exceed 25,000 words, and must be in the hands of the Secretary of the Association not later than December 2, 1889. Each essay must be type-written, signed by a fictitious name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name assumed as well as the address of the author. Address the Secretary, Richard T. Ely, Secretary of American Economic Association, Baltimore, Md.

College Notes.

The music of the past week has been the ringing of skates on the polished surface of Lake Waban.

Rev. Dr. Peloubet of Natick lectured before the Senior Bible Classes Tuesday on the Resurrection.

Rev. Edward Abbott of Cambridge visited classes at the College on Tuesday.

Dr. Everett of Quincy and Col. Fiske of Wellesley Hills visited classes at the College on Friday.

The College enjoyed a brief visit from Miss Martha R. Mann, '85, last Wednesday morning.

Prof. G. T. Barker of the University of Pennsylvania spoke at the College Friday morning and evening on the subject of electric lighting. Full reports next week.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder of Cambridge will lecture at the College next Monday evening, the occasion being the anniversary of Mr. Durant's birthday.

The College is looking forward to a visit next week from one of her old friends, an honorary graduate of '88, Dr. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth church.

The bright face of Miss Janvier is missed from our College halls.

Miss Lucia F. Clarke, who slipped on the ice and broke her leg the evening of Sunday, Feb. 3, is still at Simpson and is doing well.

By invitation of Miss Hill, the teachers met in the Faculty Parlor Tuesday evening to listen to a paper on the Conservation of Nervous Energy from Miss Annie Payson Call, well known in Boston and New York as a teacher of Elocution and of the Delsarte system of gymnastics. By means of the Delsarte exercises, Miss Call treats patients suffering from nervous exhaustion. The reading of the paper was followed by an illustration from Miss Call, the exquisite grace of her movements calling out exclamations of delight. A spirited, informal discussion followed. The COURANT is looking to Miss Hill for an early statement of the principles involved in the Delsarte training.

During the past week, Miss Bothe has been adding the last few touches to a portrait of Mrs. Sidney Dickinson of Boston. The canvas is nine by four and a half feet, and affords ample room for the graceful figure it holds. Miss Bothe has bestowed the most careful attention on her work, from the tip of the dainty shoe to the feathers of the fan held high in the right hand. The dress is of black velvet, *en trainee*; the square neck has a rolling collar of yellow velvet, and a dash of yellow rests above the lace of the half sleeves. Long black gloves reach the elbow, the only bit of light on the sombre folds of the skirt is a handkerchief held in the left hand; the brown hair is held in place by a tall square-backed tortoise-shell comb. But it is on the face that the artist has expended the greatest care. Such a fresh, bright face, with a round chin; merry eyes, full of daring; a tender yet firm mouth. The figure, poised as though ready for action, is expressive of spirit. More color has been added, in a background of tapestry, where pale *fleur-de-lis* are scattered. The work is a delicate realization that will no doubt prove one of the most popular of the pictures at this year's Salon.

Prof. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer are now at Naples. It is stated in the papers that Mt. Vesuvius is very active at present, and the opinion prevails at Wellesley that the volcano is attempting to get up a celebration in honor of these guests.

A delightful event to all concerned was the dinner given by Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild, '80, at her home in Boston last Monday. The list of guests may perhaps be best given in light of the quotations daintily inscribed on cards lying at the plates. Mrs. Guild read:

"My heart is like a slaying bird
Whose nest is in a wintered shoot,
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in the balcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my friends have come to me."

Mrs. Durant, who sat at the right hand of the hostess, then read her quotation, followed by the other guests in order as they sat. Mrs. Durant read:

"What she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

Miss Julia Eastman read:

"She never, never failed a friend,
And never feared a foe."

Miss Sarah Eastman followed, under protest, with:

"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that suits one heart at ease,
Yet other's suffering view spread itself out before."

Miss Lord, also protesting, read:

"Hers is a spirit deep and crystal clear;
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies."

Miss Bates read:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

Miss Smith of Dana Hall read:

"Whose armour is her honest thought,
And simple truth her utmost skill."

Dr. Barker read:

"What stature is she of?"
"Just as high as my heart."

Miss Morgan read:

"Synclinal showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers."

And Miss Shafer concluded the "flow of soul" by reading lines which were greeted with a ripple of laughter and applause:

"Tis still observed, those men most valiant are
That are most modest ere they come to war."

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

A plan is afoot for collecting autographs of distinguished men and women, in order to make an autograph album, which is to be sold for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund. Any readers of the COURANT, who are willing to aid the Fund by contributing or obtaining treasures of this description, will receive the heartfelt gratitude of the collectors, and are requested to send their offerings without further notice to either of the undersigned Alumnae. Helen J. Sanborn, '84, 115 Dartmouth St., Boston; Marion Pelton Guild, '80, 5 Marlborough St., Boston.

The following item is from the *Willimantic Chronicle*:

"Prof. Hibbard is to give readings at the Opera house, Friday, Feb. 8. The proceeds above expenses are to be used towards paying the debt of Wellesley college, a part of which has been assumed by its Alumnae. One of them, Miss Hall of the High school, has arranged for the entertainment here and it ought to secure a full house."

The engagement is announced of Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger to Miss Harriet Osgood of Salem, Mass. Miss Osgood was a student at Wellesley during the year '75-'76.

Miss Anna C. Fockens, student at Wellesley '86-'87 is teaching history in the Normal school at Spearfish, Dakota.

A school of Physical Culture and Ladies' Gymnasium has been opened at Minneapolis under the conduct of Miss Grace B. Marsh '85, and Miss Anna G. Marsh, late of Dr. Sargent's Sanitary Gymnasium, Harvard College.

Miss Charlotte R. Keith, '87, is teaching in the high school at Stoneham, Mass.

Born.

In Northfield, Minn., Feb. 3, Margaret, second daughter of Mrs. Caroline Wheeler Conper, '80.

Died.

BEACH—In Springfield, Mass., Jan. 24, Mrs. Mary Bill Beach. Mrs. Beach was a student at Wellesley in the years '75-'79.

ROBERTSON—In Quincy, Mass., Feb. 9, Leida Robertson, student at Wellesley '86-'88.

The graduating themes of Cornell University have been given out. To the young women of the class the following subjects are assigned: "The French Revolution in contemporary German poetry;" "The patriotism of Mrs. Browning;" "On the quantitative determination of Morphine;" "The novel as a reflector of its time and as a moral agency;" "The motive of Tennyson embodied in 'The Princess';" "Chivalry;" "The general uprising of the time of the French Revolution, as manifested through English literature;" "An annotated edition of the Culex of Virgil, with an introduction;" "Theological agnosticism in Kant;" "The relation of Constantine the Great to Christianity." All the young women are from the Western or Middle States except one from Maryland and one New England girl, Miss E. A. Morse from Worcester, and the subject given her for the occasion is "The gradual extension of the Ionic alphabet over Greece, and its significance for the history of Greek civilization."

AN APPEAL FOR A NEW WORK.

[VANANAH AND SMITH PAPERS PLANK COPY.]

Nearly every one knows something about the work done and the idea embodied in the Universities Settlement in East London which goes by the name of Toynbee Hall. Here the young men of Oxford and Cambridge live among the working people, teaching them, amusing them, meeting them freely, showing them from day to day and hour to hour the possibility of beautiful, simple, well-ordered lives.

Such work as this answers to a need not national but universal; the need of escaping from the class isolation produced by the mechanical laws of modern society, into a normal, simple, wholesome fellowship with our fellow-men. Educated Englishmen have felt this necessity summon them with imperative voice; if Englishmen, why not Americans? And among Americans it seems to some of us that there are none who should give themselves to work among the laboring classes with so joyful a devotion as educated women; since by virtue of their womanhood they are bound to minister with tenderness to all human need, while by virtue of their intellectual training they must take an interest in all sociological questions broad, intelligent and practical.

It is hoped that there may be established, among the poorer working people of one of our great cities, a settlement of college women, analogous in spirit and aim to that at Toynbee Hall. The objects of such a settlement are more than can be enumerated now. Here could be focused all that desire for philanthropic work which exists in a marked degree among us and, for lack of proper outlet, is largely self-consuming. Hither could come the young graduate, fresh from the class-room of economics, to supplement by a year of actual experience and practical training, the theoretical work of the colleges. Here the vague enthusiasm and interest in sociology evinced by our numerous political science clubs could find a working centre, where social problems could be studied at first hand and the intellectual horizon widened by contact with unfamiliar realities, and here would be opportunities for the devoted self-sacrificing service rendered to those in desperate need. Here, finally, would be before all the world a witness that educated women mean neither to shut themselves up in complacent enjoyment of their advantages, nor to confine their energies to the one channel of teaching; but that, fully alive to the deepest and highest ideals of the modern world, they mean to help forward such ideals so far as in them lies. All this from the side of the workers. From that of the poor people, the object of such a settlement is obvious. It carries on to a logical conclusion the theory of Working Girls' Clubs and Associated Charities and scientific philanthropy in general, for to help the poor people we must make friends of them, and to make friends of them effectively we must not only meet them under arbitrary conditions once or twice a week, but must live beside them, sharing their interests, giving a centre to the social life of the neighborhood, and showing them by constant example how life may be fresh, attractive, honest, with the simplest of means. The plan is not new; for over a year it has been quietly taking shape. But it could not be carried out unless a head could be found for the work, who should organize and direct our scattered forces. She must be a college woman of wisdom, experience and devotion, and there are not many such.

Within the last week, Miss Jeannette Gurney Fine, of the class of '88, Smith College, has agreed to assume the lead in the work, if money and workers can be found sufficient to support it for a year. Miss Fine is at present at the head of the Neighborhood Guild in Forsyth St., New York; a work among the poor which has been carried on by means of clubs and classes with success for two years.

It is decided that the plan would better be tried in New York. Here the problem of the modern city meets, as in extreme and representative form, and work carried on here is thus least local in character. Moreover, an excellent work is already started, upon which we may enter, thus escaping the difficulty of getting under way.

We hope to take a small house, where the sanitary conditions are good. Here Miss Fine will live, and will receive other college women, two or three at a time, who will enter into residence for certain fixed periods, varying at their convenience. It will probably be best for no one to come for less than two months. The residents will pay board, and the running expenses of the settlement, exclusive of rent, ought thus to be secured. They may to great advantage keep on while at the settlement with their private work and interests, writing, studying, etc. Some ostensible occupation is indeed desirable that the working people may feel as little competition as possible. But the residents will be expected to give their leisure, be it much or little, to work under the direction of the Head, entering into the social life of the place, or helping in the various clubs that will be going on.

It is believed that there is among college women much serious and purposeful desire for such a work as this. If so, now is the time to show it. For business reasons, it must be decided within two weeks whether the settlement be opened next Autumn or indefinitely postponed. It will not be opened unless within that time enough money is pledged and enough workers offer to ensure support for a year. We need \$3,000. We have now promised \$1,250. Several residents are already secured. We want many more women of earnestness and poise who will pledge themselves to go to New York at some time next winter, and to live and work for some fixed period with Miss Fine among the working people. If this article reaches the notice of any college woman, whether a graduate or not, who thinks it possible that she might take part, either by money or by personal help, in the inauguration of this work, we should be very grateful if in the course of the following week she would communicate either with Miss Vida D. Scudder, 250 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., or Miss Katharine Lee Bates, Wellesley, Mass.

This is no ill-considered project of a few enthusiasts. It has been carefully weighed and discussed with many eminent philanthropists, and wise counsel and cordial sympathy have in no case been wanting. The names of Edward Everett Hale of Boston and of Dr. Rainsford of New York should carry some conviction. Both these gentlemen promise us earnest help. Neither is such a work theoretical nor impracticable; it has been carried out on a far larger scale in England with marked success.

It is in line with the best tendencies of modern social thought, and may thus hope to draw upon a constantly-increasing store of enthusiasm and of purpose. An experiment, in a sense, it doubtless is; so has been at one time every plan by which humanity has been made better. Here, as in every new enterprise, exists for the individual the risk of failure, but in such work the risk is an honor and the reward secure.

Feb. 12, 1889.

WE BELIEVE IN THEM STILL.

GRACE PERRY, '81.

When there comes a call to rally round the old Phi Sigma Owl, I rise with the alacrity of Boots and Brewer and the enchanting Tippias, and I rally round. The arguments are best given by the members of the present classes, with those others interested who are continually in the atmosphere of the college, for they understand best the present social and intellectual need, but as a sort of emphatic exclamation point after the arguments, let those who believed in the societies in the early days say so.

It has been a joy to more than one of us, when students of later years have gloried in new pleasures and better facilities for work, to fall back on the societies for at least one point of advantage. They represented pleasure and work too, but work which was pleasure, and pleasure which was always the result of more or less work. They gave the only opportunity we had for debates, and if the incentive they offered to painstaking work on essays was a little different from that offered in the class-room, it was quite as strong and perhaps quite as laudable. More than this, various matters of general interest came up for consideration which we should never have discovered had not some good President opened the way.

And if it is to be societies at all, why not the old ones? We have cherished our pins for eight long years in the hope that we might sometime knit connection with some living organization and be no longer labelled as the survivors of a dead cause. Literary Societies! We believed in them thoroughly, and believe in them still.

WOULD THEY THOUGH?

S. A. H.

One of the recent arguments brought forward in favor of Greek-Letter societies at Wellesley is that they would develop the poor, forlorn, sensitive individual who now is possessed only of the idea that she "is one of seven hundred." But would they do it? Unless there be one hundred societies formed, of seven members each—seven of one hundred each would hardly answer the developing purpose—we cannot see why our poor Mary Smith or Susan Jones is not just as likely to be "left out" as

she now is from the Engot Party, Glee Club, German, Freshman Boat Crew or the Shakespeare Society. Our geniuses, our brilliant, attractive girls who can scarcely get two consecutive periods now to spend upon their Greek lesson will say: "Come, let us have a society," and straight-way will be invited not the meek, shy, only seven-hundredth fractions of college, but Miss A. who is such a good speaker, Miss B. who is a horn actress, and Miss C. who has "so much style, don't you know." Of course they would. Our lives are made by the friends we choose. It is too much to expect of the wit who can so gloriously defend the "Fallen Son of the Morning" that she sit and listen with patience and well-feigned interest to a commonplace essay on a commonplace subject which is nevertheless Miss Blank's best and faithful work. Some of us are extraordinary and some are only ordinary. Would not college societies—unless indeed they were like Chapel attendance compulsory—tend to increase rather than to diminish the great gulf which divides the college life of the popular from the unpopular girl, the social from the shy, the striking from the sensitive of the seven hundred?

DOMESTIC WORK AGAIN.

MARGARET W. HARDEN, '92.

Can it be that the writer of the article in the COURANT of January 11, entitled "Domestic Work," has forgotten that she was ever a Freshman? or is it that she never had freshman domestic work to do? Kindly permit a freshman to take a few lines in which to express her view of domestic work.

The writer of the article referred to says "the careful adjustment of the domestic work provides that no girl shall do more than she is able." Is this so? It is certainly not so in all cases. Let us take for example the girl who washes the heavy dishes after dinner. She spends the time in constant action, lifting and taking down those dishes. When she has finished she is so tired that it seems almost impossible for her to study, and the lessons that she is obliged to learn in the evening are so imperfectly prepared that she does not do herself justice in the recitations of the following day. One may say that only the strongest and ablest girls are given that work. Grant it. But no girl is strong enough to do it without injury to herself. I speak from experience.

The writer also says "the thought required is of a very different character from that required by the college curriculum." That is certainly true. There is no thought required to do the most of the work, except perhaps to finish as soon as possible. We are mere machines.

Many a Freshman can testify that she has had "serious inconvenience" to provide a substitute for her work; for who wants to wash our dishes for us? Surely not the Seniors.

We heartily agree with the writer when she says that "some exercise is necessary in the domestic work," but we do not agree that the time taken for the work is not taken from outdoor exercise. Have you not heard a girl say: "O dear, if I did not have the chapel to sweep, I could take a walk!" I have.

It seems to me that the writer has made a great mistake as regards the social advantages to be derived from domestic work. Does she suppose for a moment that the girls who have brains enough to come to college have not brains enough to see the true worth of a girl, even if she is not well dressed? Is the girl who cares for a college education apt to be snobbish? Shall the expense be brought into consideration, when next year the tuition will be the same as at Smith, where there is no domestic work, not even the care of rooms?

Let us look at it from another point of view. Is the young woman so much stronger than the young man that she can do the same amount of mental work and two or three times the physical work? At Amherst, for example, the students do not have the care of their rooms, they do not have to give the attention to their clothes that girls have to give to theirs and, lastly, they do not have domestic work. Are they so much to be pitied? Would not a Harvard student open his eyes if he were set to chopping wood or mowing grass for the college? Again, are we learning anything from this work? The answer is plainly and most emphatically no! Certainly no girl would do the work at home as she does it here. A girl can contract many bad habits in the domestic hall.

Lastly, is the work evenly divided? Decidedly not! The Freshman, to whom all is new and therefore harder, has the heaviest work. The work grows appreciably lighter until the Seniors, having a pretty easy time, come out very strongly in favor of domestic work.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

As facts are always essential to any argument, a few may be of service here in connection with the article given above and that of Jan. 11. In the Main Building where the system of domestic work is found most irksome, because of the confusion and noise which necessarily result from so large a number of workers, there are three hundred students. Of each student an hour's domestic work a day is required. The heaviest work is in the dining-room and domestic hall; accordingly one hundred and sixty-eight are allotted work here,—more than one-half of the students in the building. Hence it appears that where many hands are needed, there they are certainly placed. But as this is the most disagreeable part of the work, the greater share is given to girls who have not been previously burdened with similar duties. To seventy students is assigned the general care of the house, sweeping, dusting, etc., work which though more to the taste, is still as arduous. Fifty-four students are assigned to department work, i. e. the service of secretary or laboratory assistant rendered to such Professors as may desire it. Of necessity, this falls to upper class girls, since it is work which, in most cases, needs competent, experienced hands and brains.

In the cases of the first two allotments, there is always the opportunity to hurry and finish an hour's work in half-an-hour; thus it is that many become over tired. Yet when one comes to the College with the full understanding that she is to give to the College an hour a day of household assistance, if she wishes to compress into thirty minutes sixty minutes' work and then becomes exhausted in so doing, she does not complain with justice. Again, if any one finds that she is not strong enough for the work required of her, she will have little difficulty, upon making complaint, in changing her work for one of lighter character. Also, if she is ill for even so short a period as two or three days, she is relieved from the responsibility of providing substitutes, until she is again able to resume college exercises.

Whatever may be the evils in this system, it is but fair to say that there is some good gained from domestic work. This is a truth and a fact, though we have no actual statistics to prove it. But from those who have had much experience in this matter, it will be learned that many girls who have come to college with no idea of responsibility, practicality or usefulness in any domestic capacity whatever, have become efficient and apt women in this department, as well as in others, before receiving their degree.

The Fays' Domestic Work.

HARRIOT BREWER, '86.

The story runs, that once a year
The fairies come from far and near,
Under the moon, while mortals sleep,
To wash their clothes in Waban deep.

The other night the herakl's call
Sounded from top of pine tree tall;
Bidding the fairies not to shirk,
But gather for domestic work.

Quickly they came, each dainty maid
Having a cavalier to aid;
In oak-leaf baskets, dry and brown,
They brought their summer garments down.

The queen o'er-looked the busy sight,
Throned in the new moon's crescent bright,
Where she sings the wind to rest, and bids
The stars ope wide their sleepy lids.

The maids of honor down the slope
Bore the enchanted cakes of soap;
While knights, like moonbeams, in a trice,
Carved tubs from clearest blocks of ice.

With sleeves to snow-white shoulders rolled,
(For fairies never feel the cold),
And skirts tucked up from ankles trim,
Each fay bends o'er a washtub's rim.

And oh! the rainbow symphonies!
Never were color-harmonies
Seen, even in hearts of flower-buds
Like those which gleam from fairy suds!

They rinsed the clothes in waters seven,
And blued them with a bit of heaven,
With frost they stiffly starched each gown,
And wrung it hard without a frown.

Then flower-petal dresses fair,
And dainty hose of cloud films rare,
And aprons made of cobwebs thin,
And mantles such a silk-worms spin

Were hung up by the fairies trig
On every spray, and branch, and twig,—
On all the shrubs, on all the trees,
To flutter in the wintry breeze.

And after this the witching fays
Danced in the magic crescent's rays,
And twirled and floated, till the sun
Came and revealed their work not done.

Then mortals woke, but their dull eyes
Saw nothing that could cause surprise.
They thought it only ice that hung
From every tree the woods among.

They thought they saw the sunbeams glance,
But 'twas the fairies in their dance.
They thought they heard some water dripping,
But 'twas the feet of fairies tripping.

And when they thought a sudden breeze
Rustled the branches of the trees,
'Twas but the winsome fairy crew
Bidding to Waban Mere adieu.

Then with their clothes all clean and dry,
And packed in oak-leaves, off they fly;
And haste, in merry, tricky band,
Into the gates of Fairy-land.

The story says 'tis once a year
The fairies come to Waban Mere;
So, next time, let us all prepare,
And try to catch them unaware.

A WORD IN REPLY.

In the COURANT of Jan. 25, an article appeared which gave a very unpleasant and, to our minds, an unjust idea of the Wellesley student. The article implied that the average student was careless of her personal appearance, that she exercised no common sense in governing her physical and mental life, and that, as a result, she left college broken down in health, and unable to make any practical use of her college training.

Now if the COURANT were read only by the girls here it would not seem necessary to pay any attention to the article, for its readers could judge for themselves whether it gave a true or false impression. But the COURANT does not have such a purely local distribution; it exchanges with other college publications; it is taken by the Alumnae, and the girls send it to their homes, so that it really has a far-reaching circulation. In view of this fact it does not appear right that such an unenviable reputation should be given to Wellesley students. It would certainly hardly induce a preparatory student to cast in her lot with Wellesley.

It seems almost impossible that any one who has made a careful study of the girls could have written the article. Doubtless, some are not governed by the strongest common sense, but even outside of Wellesley common sense is not universal. It is even possible that a few go about with unbuttoned boots, but it is not the rule; a little thought would show that the habit would be excessively inconvenient to the wearer.

Can the writer of this article have watched the girls when taking their exercise? Has she seen them on the lake, on the tennis court, or when tricycling, skating or coasting? There is certainly no mumbling of French and German when so engaged; the very nature of the exercise forbids it, and a glance at their red cheeks and bright eyes would convince any one that they were not having a very funeral time. In the season, the girl who wishes a tennis court or a boat has to get up early to engage one; and how many times, alas! have we been for a tricycle only to be told that they were all in use. There are only a few days in the year when some one of these exercises is not possible, and during these days, the demands we have heard from all sides for a bowling alley, or an indoor tennis court, show that the girls realize the necessity of some kind of vigorous exercise. On a pleasant spring day it would be very natural to see on the walks or benches about the College and lake a girl, book in hand, coming her French or German lesson, but it is not fair to conclude that she considers this her exercise, for no Freshman who has attended the Hygiene lectures or the Gymnasium can have failed to learn that studying out-of-doors does not constitute exercise. But granting a few exceptions, is it fair to attribute the delinquencies of a few to the entire six hundred and sixty? These bad habits were formed at home and it is not fair to attribute them to the influence of the College.

But the article implies a graver charge against our college life. It implies that the average girl, if she graduates at all, does so broken down in health. Now it is well known that a large majority who enter as Freshmen graduate, and of those who drop out, many do so for other causes than ill health. Take any class, and how many who have left before graduation have been called away by home duties or to teach or to get married? And what is the health of those who do graduate? Ask many among them who can truthfully say that their health is far better in the large number who can say that they are fully as well as when they entered. Go to statistics which show that the great majority of Wellesley graduates are filling useful and active places in the world.

It seems to us that the article grossly misrepresents the Wellesley girl, the Wellesley life and Wellesley College. For, if it gives a true impression, then our college course is a failure, and it is the duty of the College to close its doors. How many of the students have considered their course a failure? How many think it right for the College to close because there are not enough sensible girls to fill its lecture rooms?

SEVERAL, WHO DO NOT THINK SO, FROM '89.

EXTRACT FROM HOME LETTER BY FRESHMAN, WITH REPLY.

Dear Aunty:—

Do you remember that whenever I asked you to help me with an example, you would make me wait and think about it and try a long while, and finally you would not help me until I had told you all I could about my "difficulty?" That was trying to my patience, when I knew I should be marked down if I did not have the solution at the set time; but I did come to like the "difficulties" best at last. In those days I supposed "difficulty" was "grown up" for hard example.

And now I am right in the midst of difficulties and difficulties! And I cannot solve any of them! Some will wait,—what is to become of the heathen,—home and foreign, whether future punishment or present is to be eternal, there is no pressing need that I should settle those questions. I'll try to behave myself as well as I can and "lend a hand," if ever I can, to Christians and heathen, without regard to their distant fate. But here is a puzzling question, and I must find an answer, and I can't, and I have truly thought and thought! Let me state my difficulty, and then, dear Aunty, do take hold and help me through.

What shall I elect? You know I planned for a classical course. I don't quite know why, but I think you encouraged it. Miss G. wanted to take classics and literature, but her brother, who is a high school principal, advised her to take the scientific course because she is to teach, and he thinks she will get a better position if she can teach French and German and science. So she gives up what she likes and wishes, for what will be "of more worth."

And doesn't it really seem a waste to study Latin and Greek? Doesn't it put one away from the living and growing thought of the world? Would it not be better, instead of getting enthusiastic over poetry and novels and things not true, or going into raptures over music and art, to just settle down to the prose of life and dig into science and find out something true and certain?

What shall I do, and how shall I do it? Some of the girls talk about culture,—I can't begin to tell you what they say,—and some of the Seniors say a good deal about "intensifying instead of broadening." By next year I must at least have begun to decide on my electives. It's all a muddle to

me. I have always taken what was given me, without much choice. Help me, please, to choose wisely. A mistake in choice would be very dreadful, wouldn't it?

My dear little girl:—This is the most delightful difficulty yet. Don't be too anxious about it. I don't think you will get the full answer by next year. You will need to "think and think" a great deal more yet, and you mustn't expect more than hints and suggestions that you can use in your thinking. I don't think you need fear a mistake in choosing. It seems to me that in your case it is of more account how you study than what you study.

Choose *scientific study* whether you choose the study of natural science or not. "Getting enthusiastic" and "going into raptures" is not study. Don't choose that. Real enthusiasm and delight come as the natural result, the blessed reward, of natural, healthy study. The enthusiasm and "rapture" that are consciously cultivated are unhealthy.

Choose scientific study. I don't see that we can call any subject or class of subjects "of most worth." Leves says: "But I cannot think any serious study is without its serious value to the human race; and I know that the great problem of life can never be solved while we are in ignorance of its simple forms. Nor can anything be more unwise than the attempt to limit the sphere of human inquiry, especially by applying the test of immediate utility. All truths are related; and, however remote from our daily needs some particular truth may seem, the time will surely come when its value will be felt. From the illumination of many minds on many points truth must finally emerge." Again, the same writer says: "The one reason why the study of science is valuable as a means of culture over and above its own immediate objects, is that in it the mind learns to submit to realities instead of thrusting its fgments in the place of realities,—endeavors to ascertain accurately what the order of Nature is and not what it ought to be or might be."

"The great problem of life" demands careful observation of facts other than those of natural science, and this observation should be made on the same principles. Even in religion this holds true. Even? More, if possible, there than elsewhere. The careful observation of facts and their interpretation—both observation and interpretation subject to correction—this constitutes true study in any field.

Now I hear you say "why have I not begun such study before?" My dear child, you have. All your study of Greek and Latin and mathematics has been a beginning. If you decide to study history and literature, national and individual life, you will find that your study has laid a foundation for that. Your mathematics will help make any natural science possible for you. Even Darwin suffered in his work from lack of mathematical knowledge. You have not done much yet in the way of interpreting the facts you have studied. Interpretation requires nature powers, and I rejoice that you have not had very much of other people's interpretations forced upon you.

Whatever subjects you choose, cautious study will not be thrown away. If you choose history and literature and philosophy, let me repeat, with double emphasis, *cautious study*. Don't accept *figments in place of realities*. Don't confine your choice to one subject yet. You are not yet sufficiently mature to "intensity." In these four college years lay a broad and solid foundation. Perhaps by the end of your course you will have found out in what line of study you are best adapted, by your tastes and circumstances, to work. Then make up your mind to be, in that line, not as Dr. Hale tells us "the best in the world," but the very best that it is in you to be. Having chosen your electives, don't watch yourself too carefully to see whether you are gaining the due amount of culture from them. "Culture" is a word which means very different things as different people use it, and it may be used to mean what is not worth trying for. In its best sense, it will come to you, if at all, as all real growth comes, without very much consciousness of the process on your part.

Do you remember little Hattie climbing on a chair to reach the top button of her dress? A good deal of the conscious effort after "culture" seems to me no more than Hattie's experiment, because the climbers stay in the chair and fancy their arms have grown longer. Don't think too much about it. Do your work, faithfully, earnestly, cheerfully without anxiety, and God will direct your growth.

And now again, for I am afraid I have buried that most important principle in the accumulation of my words, in your study of science, and still more carefully in literature and history and philosophy and Bible, "submit to realities instead of thrusting figments in the place of realities." You cannot too thoroughly get this by heart, and it will mean more and more to you the longer you study.

SPENSER.

S. LENA BASS. '90.

O, minstrel of bright Faery-land,
And of the shepherd's life full fair,
What thoughts dost thou inspire in me,
To lift my soul from pain and care!

And sweeter far than Pan of old,
Thy pipe doth heavenly music make;
Thy simplest measure bears the mark
Of work done for the Master's sake.

Thou com'st upon my weary heart,
As sparkling dews of morning fair;
It seems that hand divine has sown
The tiny seed thou plantest there.

And may that seed forever grow,
And fill my heart with fragrance sweet.
Until at last, in God's own time,
It blossom at the Saviour's feet.

OUR LETTER FROM ATHENS.

ALUMNA '80.

That "the road to Greece lies through Germany" is a saying familiar to scholars, which we thought we could apply literally by choosing Berlin for a two or three months' stay before passing on to Athens, our intended place of work for the year. We found our choice amply justified, becoming indeed so fond of Berlin that it required some resolution to tear ourselves away when the appointed time came. One must not look there, of course, for architectural marvels or antiquarian charms, but simply take the imperial city for what it is—a big, bright, handsome place, full of restless life and interesting events. The eye and ear are never at a loss for employment, rather to the disadvantage, in fact, of the impressive student, who loses now a day in the fascination of a great military parade, or the best part of an afternoon in waiting on a street corner with a crowd of loyal Berliners to see the Emperor pass. The pride that the Berliners feel in their army and their imperial family is highly amusing in its extravagance, but so honest that it becomes really a trifle infectious. You pause occasionally on the edge of the adoring crowds that block the way before shop windows filled with pictures of "Unser drei Kaiser" and all the members of their families; you stroll down "Unter den Linden" just for the sake of observing those incomparable pieces of speckled elegance and lofty dignity, the Prussian officers; you possess yourself with the greatest interest from the evening paper of his Majesty's movements during the day and probable plans for the morrow.

But when one resolutely turns his back on these minor distractions, there is every opportunity for profitable work in the superb museums. The picture gallery, for example, without ranking among the famous galleries of Europe, is yet so comprehensive, so wisely selected, and so admirably arranged, that it makes the best possible point of departure for a beginner in the study of art. The libraries are doubtless as worthy of praise as the museum, but we can say little, unfortunately, from personal experience, for we had but just succeeded in penetrating the bewildering meshes of red tape that enclose the great Royal Library, when it was closed for repairs! We came to the conclusion that we should be glad to promote an interchange of ideas between Berlin and Boston, bringing our good city fathers over here to learn what clean streets mean, and sending the German libraries over there to see a great library managed in a sensible and convenient fashion.

What we felt our greatest loss was that neither the Reichstag nor the Chamber of Deputies was in session. We had to content ourselves with a meeting of the City Council, a far from unimpressive assembly, too, and one which chance kindly made interesting and characteristic by bringing forward a dare-devil young Social Democrat, who proceeded with reckless valor to beard all the overwhelming majority of bald-headed, Conservative lions before him. He attacked the school-system, they laughed and buzzed him down; he scornfully opposed the suggested building of a new church, they waxed hot with virtuous indignation; but when he actually dared to speak of the expenses of Emperor William's funeral as so much money

thrown into the gutter, the whole body was on its feet in wrath, and if words had been stones there would have been little left of the young Social Democrat.

We started on our leisurely southward journey on the very day when the young Emperor began his somewhat more famous visiting-tour in the same direction, but for a combination of aesthetic and economical reasons our course hardly corresponded with his. We could only indulge ourselves with a glimpse of the few cities that lay near the line of travel between us and Brindisi, our port of embarkation for Greece. Dresden, Nuremberg, Munich, Musbruck, Venice—everyone knows from personal memories or from books of travel the several delights of each. No place, however, means quite the same to one that it does to another. Even in our small party we found our steps often tending in different directions, and we flattered ourselves that we had learned fairly early for inexperienced travelers the valuable principle of confining our attention to the things we really cared for and letting all else severely alone. The great art exhibition at Munich alone defied the application of this principle, and before its nearly three thousand pictures and statues we stood in the bewildered condition of those who try vainly to grapple with overwhelming riches. In a gallery of old masters, one has from experience a general idea of what he wants and what he can afford to hurry by. But this was a *terra incognita* of beauty, where one must spend half the precious moments allowed him, in deciding what to admire during the other half. We found, curiously enough, that there is no small difference, as a matter of purely mental exertion, between studying the old masters with their variations on a set of comparatively few and simple themes, and following the wide range of brilliant, fanciful or subtle conceptions which the modern artist delights to embody in paint and clay. Such an idea as this "Immortality" for instance—a slender, dark-eyed maiden, reaching up in the half-gloom of a Roman burial-chamber and pressing her warm lips adoringly to the marble mouth of Catullus, whose bust looks smilingly out from a high niche. Or take this great canvas from which women hurried away, and before which men hang as if fascinated. A great, cold, blue, lonely gorge, a young mother leaning against the rocky wall with white, stony face, clasping her babe convulsively to her breast, while at her feet lies the dead body of her husband, the severed head lying between the legs and glaring up at her from a pool of blood! This representation of an actual form of punishment for traitors among the Montenegrins does indeed illustrate some of the worst tendencies of the realistic school, but the simple fact was that for dramatic, haunting horror, it made utterly tame the most vigorous mediæval picture of the tortures of hell.

Our trip through Italy would make an admirable text for one of Mr. Ruskin's sermons on the beauties of modern travel. After leaving Venice, we went literally over the length and breadth of that unfamed peninsula, we passed through some six noted cities, including the Eternal City itself, and actually did not see one of them! For tolerably enthusiastic classical students to go to Rome simply as an accidental railway-junction, to remain there exactly twenty-five minutes, and to carry away for impressions the flavor of some abominable black coffee, and the glimpse of a ruined aqueduct-arch in the moonlight, is certainly a curious occurrence that nothing but the necessities and uncertainties of the modern railroad could bring about. In somewhat similar fashion was the trip from Brindisi to Patras (at the mouth of the Corinthian Gulf), a route to be heartily recommended to all who like expedition, for the Greek steamers certainly make remarkable time. One goes to sleep at midnight in Brindisi, and wakes up in Corfu (if he only prolongs his morning nap a trifle), has some five hours to see a little of that lovely island and goes to sleep again, to wake before daylight in Greece.

To our great regret the railroad from Patras to Athens was complete, and we lost half the beauty of that wonderful ride up the Gulf of Corinth, which all travellers by steamer celebrate. Yet even so, and under a gloomy sky, the scenery was lovely enough to make one forget fatigue. Across the changeful green and purple of the Gulf, the mountainous rose, crest beyond crest, Parnassus just showing his lofty head through the mist, while the slopes of the Achaian mountains beside you are purple with thyme, or gray with gnarled, black-berried olive trees. It is a thinly-peopled region, only a tiny village marking even the site of ancient Corinth, that unrivalled position for a commercial city, possibly destined to be re-built when the canal at last finishes its slow task of severing the Isthmus. From this point a steamer took us to the Peiræus, the railroad being temporarily damaged between Corinth and Athens.

In spite of familiar names, it is hard to realize that you are on classic ground as you are whirled off from the Peiræus to Athens in a clattering little train, and the difficulty only increases when you are landed in the midst of the gas lamps and hotels of modern Athens. It is rather a relief, if one arrives on a moonless night, as we did, and so need not be expected to look at even the Acropolis. A little time is required to adjust one's self to the strange and violent contrast between classic and modern Athens, and to keep the latter from interfering with the enjoyment of the former.

It so happened, however, that we found this same modern Athens quite well worth watching for its own sake for a little time, for we arrived just before the celebration of the King's twenty-fifth anniversary of accession to the throne, and the Athenian "Demos" was in state of eager excitement. For some weeks the dilatory city had been at work in feverish haste to put itself in a fairly trim condition for the expected guests, laying new sidewalks, mending the streets, tearing down an ugly old exhibition building, and giving the finishing touches to a new one, whose opening was a prominent feature of the festivities. Hitherto the city had boasted only one steam-roller and that worked day and night, puffing away breathlessly, as though conscious of the crushing responsibility laid upon it.

The decorations were of a simple nature, in deference to the express wish of the King, but during the five festal days the sunshiny city was all a-flutter with flags, and at night it burst into an illuminated beauty that made the cowering Athenians go far to forgive their sadly berated Demarchos (Anglice, mayor). The straight-lined, stately white buildings, that dazzle one's eyes so painfully by day, shone out by night under the gleam of countless gas-jets and the radiance of great electric lights with imposing effect. Every cornice, balcony and door was set with tiny lights, and lanterns added glowing spots of color. The Academy was the crowning triumph. It is a beautiful marble building in pure Greek style, and with its pediments, cornices and rows of steps outlined with starry flames, its noble portico thrown into strong relief by light streaming from the inner hall, and the white marble assuming a marvellous mellow tint in the semi-darkness, it was a sight not to be forgotten.

The street of the Stadium was a long vista of many colored lantern arches, down which came moving the torchlight procession, heralded by the piercing notes of trumpets: at first a tossing succession of blue and white lanterns, here and there relieved by a touch of red, then a dancing river of tiny lights, the long slender tapers held high aloft in the hands of sun-burnt, hilarious young soldiers. Most picturesque of all was the King's Albanian guard, the "Euzonoi," fantastic, graceful forms with their short, full white tunics, black and white braided jackets and long white leggings. In their low felt shoes, quaintly tipped with big, black tufts, they moved with noiseless lightness over the pavement, the light falling with admirable effect on their drooping red caps and dark faces.

Over the roof could be seen the illuminated summit of Mt. Lycabettus, hovering like a strange fiery cloud in the sky, while electric reach-lights on the hills across the Ilissus sent their great shafts of vivid light careering across the darkness, now lighting a group of columns or a ruined arch, now calling forth the noble lines of the Acropolis like a magic vision above the city.

The festivities were opened on Wednesday morning by a *Te Deum* in the Cathedral, or Metropolitan Church. Of course as great ceremonials go, this was a comparatively small affair, yet it presented some curious and attractive features to unfamiliar eyes. The church with its lofty barrel-vaulted and domed interior, adorned with smooth, solemn Byzantine saints, and lit by windows of crudely colored glass, was filled with a brilliant and varied assembly. In the spaces near the door marked off by cordons of blue and white stood the officers, one glitter of gold lace and epaulets, with here and there an Albanian in scarlet cap and white fustanella. Beyond came the members of legations, the dainty costumes of the ladies repeating in fleecy white and soft blue the national colors, while every ambassador boasted the usual profusion of bands and decorations. The palm for lofty dignity and serene self-complacency was certainly carried off by the portly Persian ambassador in black fez and coat brilliant with green and gold—"the first Persian who has been here since the battle of Salamis," as a wag remarked.

Through the gray marble pillars flanking an arch at the rear could be seen a crowd of bishops in their glittering vestments, and soon they came out and covered the steps of the raised dais, a gorgeous assembly in their robes of gold or silver cloth wrought with crimson and purple and blue, and their mitres encrusted with gold and gems. With their full beards, often snowy-white, they present a far more venerable and patriarchal appearance than the Roman clergy.

The president of the synod, distinguished by the broad blue band crossing his golden robe, goes to the door to meet the royal party, preceded

by two priests, each bearing three lighted tapers to symbolize the Trinity. It is a very pleasant, if not distinguished-looking royal family that enters, the fair-faced, matronly Queen accompanied by the crown-prince of Denmark, and the King following the Duchess of Edinburgh. Then come what the King has good right to be proud of, his six children, the three soldierly, sensible-looking young princes, Constantine, George, and Nicholas, the charming daughter Alexandra, and a tiny maiden and boy who demurely bring up the rear. The last little baby-prince is hardly old enough to grace the occasion with his presence.

We were not a little interested to observe when the brief ceremony was over, how the King unobtrusively took the place of the apparently lacking master of ceremonies, and indicated by little gestures the movements of some perplexed guests, while at the door he calmly held back the following crowd till his party was safe in its carriages! Even such trifles serve to illustrate the character of this quiet, sensible gentleman, who has filled so admirably for twenty-five years his decidedly trying position, and is rewarded with sincere esteem and respect, if not warm affection, by the Greeks.

On the next day the exhibition was opened with appropriate ceremonies. It may be interesting to note that the old Olympic period has been revived, and that every fourth year is marked now by an exhibition of national products, and accompanying athletic contests. This is the fourth Olympiad! but the occasion was made especially notable by the opening of the new "Olympion" building, the gift, like many of the public buildings in Athens, of private generosity, two wealthy Greeks, or rather Albanians, Zappas by name, having presented Athens with a fund of forty million drachmas (about seven million dollars) to be used for this purpose. It stands just at the end of the royal garden, whose dense verdure throws into relief the classic lines of its marble portico, and stretches of pilastered walls. From its entrance one looks across a terraced garden down the valley of the Ilissus to the blue waters of the Bay of Phalerum. The building was duly consecrated by the bishops with holy water, and then the skull of the elder Zappas, who died some years ago was, in accordance with an expressed desire of his, buried under the corner-stone! This somewhat unique performance was followed by the usual interchange of lengthy speeches.

The remaining three days were filled in a pleasantly leisurely fashion by miscellaneous festivities, a royal ball, a representation of "Antigone," displays of fireworks, boat races at the Peiræus, the whole concluding with a grand dinner on the Acropolis Sunday afternoon, given by the "Demos" to the King. The bill-of-fare was composed in strictly classical Greek, beefsteak appearing for instance as *phlogides boos*!

FOUR MOONS ABROAD.

Constance, Switzerland.

HELEN WORTHINGTON ROGERS, '91.

Leaving Munich Monday morning, August 20, we started on our way toward long-looked-for Switzerland, Constance being our first objective point. The scenery began to mountaineer, if one may be allowed to coin the expression, soon after we had left behind us Munich and her straggling houses, and by the middle of the afternoon we saw the Alps looming up in the distance, with white, fleecy crowns, which we hardly dared to call snow-caps, fearing our imagination might not be a true criterion; a few moments more, and we could no longer doubt, but beheld with exclamations of admiration the real mountain peaks of German Switzerland, snow-capped, misty, with soft clouds hovering above them like gentle benedictions.

Six o'clock found us at Lindau, a quaint old town, situated on a small island at one extremity of Lake Constance, where our steamer awaited us. Quickly as memories of the past come, and as quickly fade from mind in the actions of to-day, there are some of us, I am sure, who will never forget that first evening on Lake Constance. The evening was half cloudy, and the shadows began to gather early, encircling mountains and lake in their silent embrace. The night creeping on seemed to change everything to one mass of deep blue color: the lake, changing its deep green, reflected the dark blue of the sky, and even the mountain-side, touched, as it seemed, by some unseen hand, grew misty in its purple-blue veil; the snow peaks, touched now and then by a ray of glorious light from the setting sun, formed striking contrasts to the dim shadowy blue. For two hours, this glorious yet ever-changing view spread itself out before us; but no brush can give the magic touch, no pen convey an idea of the beauty of Swiss scenery. One must see it with her own eyes.

All things have their end: at last we landed, and in a few moments were installed in the "Konstanter Hof" surrounded by beautiful grounds, over-looking the lake. We left the sublime for the practical and did justice to the dinner awaiting us, and even enjoyed shy winks and inward smiles at one waiter whom we added to our list of foreign prodigies, whose hair was brushed up at an angle of 45 degrees, and whose shoulders went downward at the same abrupt slant. Our appetites fully satisfied, we were only too glad to mount to our pleasant rooms over-looking the lake, and the twinkling lights on the shore, reflected in the calm mirror of the lake. It seemed almost too matter-of-fact to go to bed, but we did at last, repeating to ourselves those lines from the "Legend of Bregenz":

"Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies."

The next morning, consulting "Baedeker," and finding we had two hours in which to "sight-see," we left the "Hof" and followed the edge of the lake for a short distance, until we reached a quaint bridge, adorned with statues; crossing this we came to the entrance of the Hotel Insel; consulting "Baedeker" again, we found we were on ground sacred with the tread of John Huss. Venturing in and accosting a gentleman who proved to be the land-lord, we were soon wandering through the half modern, half ancient building.

First we entered the lofty dining hall with vaulted roof, formerly the chapel. Some of the old tapestries still cling to the walls, but so indistinct only a devotee of antiquities could find beauty in them the old pulpit also still remains at one end of the room. Mounting a flight of steps which led from the opposite end, we came into the choir, now only a prosaic low-roofed hall; some of the chairs here date back to the seventeenth century. Passing through the narrow corridors and descending the stairs we came to the well-preserved cloisters. Around the walls ran a series of paintings illustrating the history of the church. Just outside the dining hall extends a wide piazza, overhanging the lake; to the left is a small ivy-covered tower in ruins, where John Huss was confined so many years ago. In fact, Constance is full of associations with the martyr, for leaving the Hotel and returning to the path, we followed a narrow street to the old church founded in 1052 A. D.; in the rear is a large stone slab, with a white spot which always remains dry when the rest is damp; on this spot, the story runs, Huss stood on the 6th of July, 1415, when the Council sentenced him to be burned at the stake. The quaint old floors, illustrating the life of Christ and dating back to 1470, are worthy of notice. Next, passing down the, not too cleanly streets, we came to Huss' house, a plain, narrow abode, only marked by a head in half relief of Huss; a little to the left is another face and under it, derivative verses. Time hurried us on, and we hastened down through a pretty promenade, with quaint houses on either side, to the lake again; and soon we were en route for the Rhine Falls. Two o'clock brought us to Schaffhausen where we had a rush for our train to Neuhausen and the Rhine Falls.

Leaving the train, which in crossing the bridge had given us a hasty glance at the rolling, rushing river, we wound our way back from the station until we came to the high suspension bridge; standing on this, we had a full view of the finest falls in Europe, dashing wildly in their leaps over an irregular rocky ledge, casting a misty veil on everything around.

On clear days numberless rainbows are formed by the sunshine in the clouds of silver spray, while moonlight adds greater grandeur. It is a curious fact that no mention of the Rhine Falls occurs in history until 980 A. D. and it has been assumed that they did not exist until a thousand years ago. The theory of Prof. Dietrich is, that while the bed of the river below the Falls has gradually been deepened by erosion, the deepening process above the Falls has been retarded by the rocky barrier over which the water dashes and tumbles above the Falls proper. The Rhine Falls are certainly pretty, but when asked if we do not think them "perfectly grand" we answer with a patronizing air, "you should see our Niagara."

A traveller, toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay.

"This seems but common clay," says he, "but how
Delightful—it is full of sweetness now!"

Whence is thy fragrance?" From the clay there grows
A voice: "I have been very near the rose."

—J. J. Platt, translated from the Persian.

THE COURANT. COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, - - - \$1.50.

Editors. EDITH SOUTHER TUFTS, '84,
LOUISE BRADFORD SWIFT, '90,
ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.
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ANOLE PECK, '90.
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Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

The Wide, Wide World.

- Feb. 9.—General Boulanger announces as his program the adoption of the U. S. Constitution with certain changes. The German Reichstag adjourns indefinitely. The recall of Mr. Sewall, American consul at Samoa, produces an excellent impression at Berlin. Woman Suffrage defeated in the Dakota Legislature. White Cap notices sent out in Connecticut.
- Feb. 10.—Severe storms prevail in Europe. Demonstration in Hyde Park, London, to denounce the government's coercive measures in Ireland.
- Feb. 11.—The women of Ontario, Canada, hope for an extension of the suffrage. The Senate, in secret session, considers a proposition to vote \$200,000 for the protection of Americans on the Isthmus of Panama. Slight earthquake shock in New England.
- Feb. 12.—Vesuvius active. Russia grants a concession to a company to join the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. A movement in Norway for the despatch of an expedition to the North Pole in the summer of 1890. The President vetoes three private pension bills.
- Feb. 13.—The French Senate passes the scrutiny of arrondissement bill. No date having been set for the Samoan conference at Berlin, the matter will probably be left to the next Administration. Formal count and declaration of the electoral vote by Congress.
- Feb. 14.—Millions of Chinamen reported suffering from famine. Resignation of the French ministry after an adverse vote in the Chamber. New Panama Canal bonds to be issued. Extensive land-slips in Switzerland. There will be no tariff legislation by the present Congress.
- Feb. 15.—The Russian flag raised on French territory in Africa. Indications that Congress will provide for the admission of three new states. Japan has a new constitution.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

Late to chapel! Yet she walked the length of the aisle
All with very high head, all with very fine staisle,
On her lips was a nonchalant smile—
But the distance! It seemed nearly a mile,
As she walked with her heart full of gaisle,
And she felt pretty bad all the while.

An important item of news was omitted from the bulletin board on the morning of the 7th. The *Advertiser* accounts for the fact that Wellesley students approve of examinations in the following paragraph which must secure the gratified attention of our Faculty:

"While the universal question, *Examinations or no Examinations*, is of course agitated at Wellesley, most of the students agree in considering that advantages otherwise unattainable are to be gained from a comprehensive preparation for examinations."

In a Shakespeare business meeting:
Member: Miss President, how does Miss—stand in the Society?
She has not paid her fines.
President: That matter will be investigated and her position defined.

occupation is indeed a desirable one, and one which, in the opinion of the
Christian Association, after ingenuously offering the conductor a Canada
ten cent piece and a lead nickel was obliged to leave a Boston street car.
We maintain that for electric currents that cannot be depended upon, a
little lead currency is no unfair exchange.

Our Agassiz Association met last Saturday and were informed that
woodpeckers walk up the trunks of trees, but cannot descend the same
way. Eager inquirer: "How then, do they ever get down?" Once up,
do they always stay there?"

The Zoologists at present are dissecting fish. They think one set of
specimens are rightly named "*Swelt*," and their fellow students, who
meet them on coming from the laboratory, agree.

The Junior Reception. Conversation in the Browning Room:
Harvard Student: "Aw! Naw! You don't say so! This room is
awful Robert Browning?"

Wellesley Junior: "No! Mrs. Browning. Don't you see this win-
dow is an illustration from Aurora Leigh?"

Harvard Student: "You must not ask me about English poetry, for
I am a classical student. I am more interested in that statue, the 'Read-
ing Girl.' Do you know why she is like you Wellesley girls?"

Wellesley Junior: "No! Why?"

Harvard Student: "She sits with her back to the looking-glass.
But is she not unlike you that she has no hand-glass before her at the same
time?"

Wellesley Junior: "You must not ask me about mirrors. I am not
a glassical student."

Our Outlook

The Gamble Prize Medal at Girton College has been awarded to
Miss Marion Greenwood, certificated student of Girton College, for an
essay on "The Digestive Process in Certain Simple Organisms—Amoeba,
Actinospherium and Hydra."—*Nature*.

Fifteen young Hindoo ladies have been admitted to the new female
class of the Campbell Medical Schools at Calcutta, and are studying medi-
cine. Many of them are Brahmins. Ten have obtained scholarships,
and the others are admitted as free students.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson has been appointed on the medical
staff of the Cook County Hospital in Chicago. She is the first woman
upon whom this honor has been conferred, and has fairly won it by the
high rank she takes in her profession. Lady Dufferin some time ago in-
vited Dr. Stevenson to take charge of a woman's hospital in India, but
she preferred to remain in this country.

Advices from England state that about two million of women were
registered and voted at the election last week in England, Scotland and
Wales for members of the new city councils. The Countess of Aberdeen
is at the head of a large organization of wealthy, titled and influential
ladies who have united to enforce the rights of their sex to sit as members
of the councils; and to resist any attempts to deprive Lady Sandhurst,
Miss Colnden (daughter of Richard Colnden) and the other ladies who
have been elected to the councils of their places therein, on any legal pretext.
The report that Lady Sandhurst will be made a member of the London
Board of Aldermen seems to have good foundation.

Inter-Collegiate News.

Every college man loves his fraternity; but probably no one ever ex-
pressed his love for his brotherhood more forcibly than once did Bishop
Harrington, whose words were: "Next to the church of God, I love Psi
U."

We notice in the last *Brunonian* a telling article on the abolishment
of examinations for students whose class-room work averages 85 per cent.
or above, and a bright story, "Purpose and Result."

The Amherst *Student* is discussing (in a series of articles running
through four numbers) the advisability of adopting voluntary attendance at
chapel. The boys have some strong arguments on their side.

The February number of the Harvard *Advocate* contains a thrilling
experience (?) "In a Crematory," and a well-written "Study in Hap-
piness," which might fit most college students in its spirit of questioning
and uncertainty.

Miss Marion Talbot, graduate Boston University, '80, has been elect-
ed a member of the Board of Trustees of that institution. Miss Talbot is
the first woman among the graduates to receive this honor.

The second number of the *Collegian* is quite as satisfactory as the
first, and we are even more impressed with its efficiency in fulfilling the
intended purpose. It opens with a suggestive paper on "The Teaching
of English Literature in the College Curriculum," by Prof. Leverett W.
Spring, in which is emphasized the idea of literature as a fine art.
"Nature in Thoreau and Burroughs" and "A Review of Prose Poetry"
from undergraduate pens in Hamilton and Princeton are especially read-
able articles, while "The Modern Novel" by Miss C. T. Goodloe is noted
with pleasure by the Wellesley eye. The Berlin letter is also full of in-
terest for students. If the poetry of the issue were of rather higher grade,
the magazine as a representative of college ability would be quite beyond
criticism.

Italy has opened its seventeen universities to women, and Switzerland,
Norway, Sweden and Denmark have done likewise.—*Argus*.

A Valentine.

MARION FELTON GUILD, '80.

You do not care for lovers yet,

My little maid, my Valentine?

The foolish moths you'd fain forget

That hover where your graces shine?

Still, wait you some endearing word,

From those whose hearts with yours entwine,

Borne by the good Saint's carrier-bird?

O, little maid, take mine! take mine!

Let lovers please their ladies' ears

This merry day, my Valentine,

With swelling verse wherein appears

A compliment for every line:

The simple truth alone I speak;

No aid I ask of muses mine;

And gallantry is all too weak

To greet aright my Valentine.

I will not praise you for your eyes,

My Valentine, my little maid!

Though depth of steadfast sweetness lies

Within their brown and thoughtful shade:

Nor any beauties will I sing

To any outward sense displayed;

To love these were too slight a thing,

Were love by their fair limit stayed.

But oh, the heart within your breast,

My Valentine, my little maid!

So loyal to the dear home-nest;

So swift the stranger's cause to aid;

So trustful when the days are sad;

So patient under hopes delayed;

So childlike still, so freely glad

When days are bright, my little maid!

And oh, the simple wisdom shown,

My white, white rose, my Valentine!

In thousand matters—look and tone

And deed and choice; the instinct fine

That seeks the noblest everywhere;

The arrowy thought, that up the incline

Of lofty questions cleaves the air;

To these I bow, my Valentine!

And oh, the pure unselfish will,

My little maid, my white, white rose!

That, better than all grace or skill,

On God's great will its weakness throws,

And borne up on that mighty stress

Forever purer, stronger grows!

God help you other souls to bless

As mine you bless, my white, white rose!

—*Springfield Republican* '86.

TO —

MABEL ROSAMOND WING, '87.

I know a maiden rare

With wondrous golden hair,

And *Sunbeam* is the name I give to her.

A bright smile makes her known;

I ne'er have seen her frown,

And sunny is her nature, I infer.

Pierced to each clouded heart,

O Sunbeam, with thy dart,

And scatter all the shades of grief and care!

Oh! sore is felt the need

Of ev'ry kindly deed.

So go and spread thy sunshine ev'rywhere!

December, 1886.

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General Admission 25 Cents.

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College—8.00, 11.00 A. M.; 5.00 P. M.
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